

Grapes Of Wrath

"Hiding"

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Down below the deck, I couldn't feel the sand between
my toes
It's not in the cards, even though it's in my heart
Takes the thought of me, drowning out some sorrow
for a while
This family feels more like a sentence put on me
Turn up, close the door
Fill the room with sound, from wall to wall
Until there's no more room for sorrow
Turn up, waste away
From the stench and filth you can't escape
Only hiding for a while

Down below the tree, the means and the
encouragement I need
I guess that I was wrong, I guess it's not so bad after all
One cold, winter day, the cornerstone falls out and rolls
away
The walls fall in on me, is this what hell could end up to
be?
Turn up, close the door
Fill the room with sound, from wall to wall
Until there's no more room for sorrow
Turn up, waste away
From the stench and filth you can't escape
Only hiding for a while

Here below the sky, the only guilt left now is in my mind
And each day away brings a little piece of mind my way
Turn up, close the door
Fill the room with sound, from wall to wall
Until there's no more room for sorrow
Turn up, waste away
From the stench and filth you can't escape
Only hiding for a while

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